Sunday morning, as usual
July 12, 1942

Hiya Gang,

Here I sits - not knowing or having the slightest idea what I'll put down, - but I'll start pushing this pen across the paper and we'll see what comes out, - huh?

No Oklahoma City this week-end. - Only Chickasha - and not much of that. - I went in to the movie last night - and maybe again this afternoon but nothing anymore strenuous. It feels too good just to sit around and relax and loaf! I'm a lazy man - I have to be! - Our schedule hasn't been crowded enough - by this time we're upperclassmen and should be able to study better - so - we have another class added each day and an alloted amount of time to work in the hangers with mechanics putting to practical use some of our acquired technical larnin'! - We have it figured out to where we have all of about 18 minutes in each day to do anything in the world we want to! - Isn't that nice of them. And a letter from one of our upperclassmen who

went to Randolph for "Basic" says for us to enjoy our "country club life" here while we can! - Ain't there ever no letting up? It's a good thing we like it or we could never stay with it. - College will be a snap if I ever summons up enough pep to go back! - We love it, tho!

Yesterday we "shot stages" - in other words - had to do precision or spot landings from 800 ft. our spot was approx. ~~100 yds~~ 150 ft long. (For my license the spot was 300 ft) - In other words, we would fly down wind, closing our throttle alongside our spot, - make 2 - 90° turns so we would be going into the wind, drop our flaps and land in the spot. (If we were lucky!) When our wheels touched the ground, we would look at the control man, and if he gave us a yellow flag, - we would pull our flaps up, open our throttle and take on off without even stoping our roll along the ground. - They graded us on every part of it, and particularly on whether or not we hit our spot and if we made a 3 point landing! Well, I did 7 landings without stoping. - When I taxied past the score-keeper in parking my plane - I looked at him, and held my nose to show him I knew I stunk (I would have sworn I undershot every one of my landings!) - He looked at me and held his nose, too, and waved for me to go away. - (He was one of the instructors I sometimes fly with). - Later on he came up and

showed me my score. I couldn't believe it, - I thought he was just kidding me. - I made 5 spots out of the 7, - the other two were just 50 ft ~~ov~~ beyond the spot, and all of the landings 3 points! - (I'm glad the grass was high and he didn't see how many times my front wheels struck ahead of my tail wheel!) And now I'm worrying about my 40 hour check ride! - It's always something. - I'll probably get it within the next few days and I'm afraid I might not have shown sufficient improvement. - It seems to me I fly worse now than I did at my 20 hr. stage, ~~I~~ no fooling! No use worrying, tho. - just keep your fingers crossed and tell Fred to start pulling!

We had quite a bit of excitement this past week. - One fellow ran out of gas in one tank and forgot to change over to his 2nd one - so had to make a forced landing, putting holes in the wings. - he wasn't hurt, tho. - And another boy, - in giving a spin ~~on~~ his check ride, most threw himself out of the plane cause he forgot to fasten his safety belt! - The only thing that saved him was his grip on the stick! When he didn't bring it out right away, - the check rider looked around to see what was the matter - and almost had heart-failure when he saw the boy practically sprawled over the plane! - Some fun — but that isn't all! - One of the instructors was showing one of the new "dodoes" (his 2nd day up) some maneuvers - and he did a spin for him. After the spin was over, he

looked in the mirror to see how the boy took it, - and lo & behold - the cockpit was empty! So he circled the plane for a minute and saw - way below him, - his student blissfully riding earthward in his parachute! - The reason: - once again - the safety belt wasn't fastened!! (poor boy was thrown out) - The fellow sprained his ankle in landing - but nothing more serious. - It's funny - like an epedemic of sickness - nothing has happened in all this time - and then all of this in one week. Oh, well. - it'll all be chalked up to experience and next time they will know better. - As I say - it's still fun as long as it doesn't happen to me. - I'm trying to learn by being observant! -

Oh, - I forgot to tell you Ma - you should have been with me the other day - My instructor & I were up the other day - high - and a cloud layer came in between us and the ground. - Gee it was pretty. - Just like pictures you see - only prettier, - and so white! - We were about 1000 ft above them, so when we came down my instructor took the controls. We flew down to the level of them and then up and down - well, - sorta valleys in them. It was just like so much ground with big hills all around you. - The billowy shapes were truly something to awe at. - We had to fly quite some time to find a hole to let down thru. - Just that one sight was ~~most~~ worth all the work we go thru. - Well, - gotta stop now so I can get ready to go see "Fantasia". -

Bye & Love, Frank